

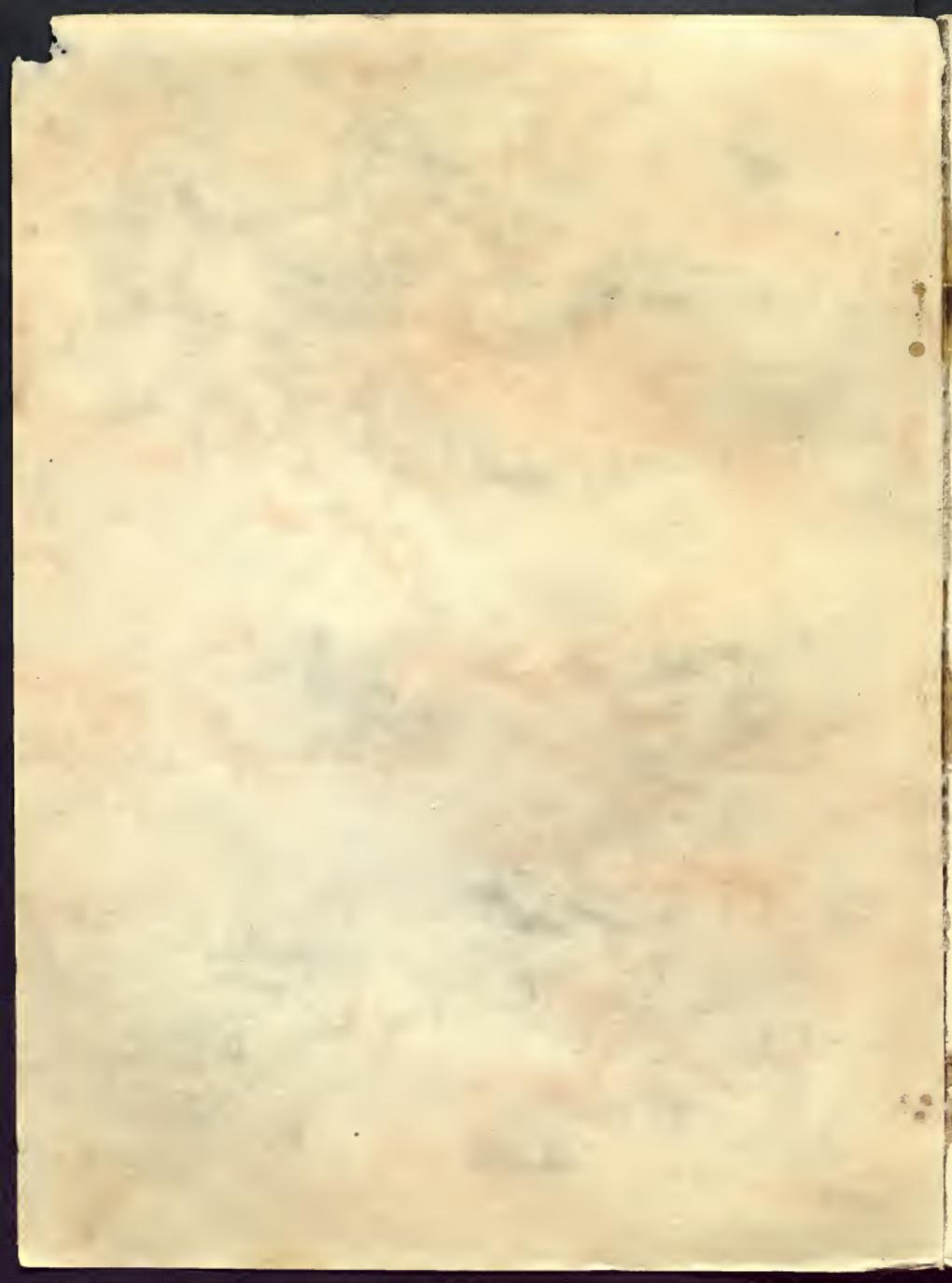
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1932



the
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Editor :

C. A. Seaton

Sub-Editor: Miss M. M. Hawes Secretary: D. S. Miller

Autumn Term, 1932



University College, Southampton



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THE EDITOR SPEAKS.



thought, alone," was perhaps in outlook at once the fullest and most disciplined of philosophers.

Change as change often has its place, but change as progress is yet more valuable ; and the alterations which you will see in this magazine we fondly hope that you will think of as progress. College-run affairs are too often compared only with their parallels in other colleges, and not with independent work. We are content if our opera or our play is as good as last year's, without worrying whether last year's was as good as it might have been. In many things we still hover around the minimum standard which will give satisfaction, without envisaging the ideal maximum.

In our humble opinion the *West Saxon* has for long been one of the best of College magazines. Now above all, when the College hopes in the not too distant future to become the University of Wessex, does it behove us to improve all those productions, of which the *West Saxon* is one, that are our ambassadors to the world outside College. By our fruits, indeed, are we known, but in the past we have been too willing to accept things only because we found them so ; we have shown too many leaves and too little fruit.

We are too inclined to wait for authority to direct us into the correct way, rather than to seek it out for ourselves ; we wait for advances from the other side rather than make them ourselves ; in short, we expect things to remain as they are, and they will not. Stability may be the watchword of older universities—they have reached the full growth of maturity, if they are not already past middle age : change and progress must be our watchwords, for without them we lose what virtue there was in us. Young institutions can only live by their youthfulness, even, at times, their audacity. We look to the old for reassurance, to the new for inspiration.

So, perhaps, the students of University College, Southampton, as they sip their coffee in leisure, or drift aimlessly along, as their chatter goes echoing gaily down the corridors, may be brought to a sincere due acknowledgment of their debt to the College, not to be paid with jokes and tobacco-smoke. Only by trying to put as much into the College as they take out of it (a task nigh impossible) can they justify their spiritual dependence. With the years, we approach more and more near to this ideal communism of College life. The *West Saxon* should be its expression, the expression not of the few but of the many, not of two or three individuals, but of the community. An institution which lets its functions be exercised by two or three only, is usually either corrupt or moribund. We are neither. And so you will find unsigned articles, living as separate entities, not supported on a fragile subscription of initials, nor roughly jostling for space. An expanding College demands larger and fuller expression. It must have it, and it will.



THE FERRY.



It was dusk. A long squat barge with a tiny wheelhouse and funnel was moored to the quayside, and moving to and fro on its deck were two sturdy men dressed in jerseys and trousers with thigh boots. On the quayside beside a pile of little wooden boxes stood two more men, and above the men a little crane swung its dark snout backwards and forwards from the boxes to the deck of the barge. Every time it turned towards the quay the labourers stood ready, and as soon as its nose appeared above them they seized the chains which danced overhead and hooked them to one of the boxes. Then with a terrible screeching the steam winch drew in the cable and the crane swung slowly outwards. Again the chains were lowered and seized, the boxes unhooked ; the winch screeched and the men on the quayside glanced upwards again and waited to load another box.

The sun had set and already the ships in the harbour were glittering with lights. Here and there the last radiance of sunset was reflected in the water. The bronze, the great massed towers of clouds between which lakes of colour floated, and the darkness of approaching night were all mirrored in the harbour waters ; and across this the wind of July blew, faintly rippling the surface. Darker shapes loomed out of the distant reaches of the harbour and floated away towards the open sea. And presently, when the night fell, the clouds in the west were merged into the darkness, and the breeze blowing more steadily stirred the slow heaving sea. Little waves hit the side of the barge, rushing towards the black timbers and slapping them in showers, then falling away gurgling and dancing. The barge stirred lazily at its moorings, and soon, when all the crates had been loaded, it strained against the ropes which fastened it to the quay. The tide was ebbing.

Besides the two sailors several passengers had come aboard the barge. The two labourers having completed their task now stood before the wheelhouse lighting their clay pipes and occasionally glancing forward to the blunt forepeak of the barge. There, in the darkness where coils of rope and a great anchor were stored, three gipsy women were seated with their huge baskets and bundles. They were all about thirty years old, and they talked in harsh voices, sometimes using a sort of dialect. It was impossible for the sailors and labourers at the other end of the barge to hear what the women were saying ; but occasionally the voices of the gipsies subsided to a low murmur as though they feared to be overheard or to draw attention upon themselves. Yet as soon as their voices hushed the sailors near the wheelhouse began to whistle and call in a ribald way to them. And the three women ceasing their conversation suddenly looked at one another and burst into shrieks of laughter. They were all dressed very much alike. On their heads were hats too small to cover their abundant dark hair ; pendants hung from their ears, great gaudy brooches held the necks of their blouses, and they wore boots and long tattered skirts. But neither their ludicrous clothes nor their sprawling attitudes could conceal the grace of their high shapely bosoms and their curving hips.

Presently the tiny siren on the funnel of the barge hooted, and almost at once a little thick-set man came running along the quayside bounding towards the barge on his short bowed legs with his head bent forward and his breath gasping loudly in and out of his lungs. When he came opposite the barge he halted abruptly, and judging his distance he leapt with an astonishing agility, landing with a thud and grunt on all fours near the wheelhouse. And although his breath was spent he began to order everyone about in a good-natured fashion, gasping and talking rapidly in a deep hoarse voice.

"Get them bloody ropes off Quick, get away from the wall!"

The labourers sprang at once to the mooring ropes and flicked them from the stanchions. One of the sailors went into the wheelhouse and the barge glided slowly forward and out into the harbour. The little man stood in the shadow of the boxes and scanned the receding wall; but presently, when the barge began to pant its engine and pass steadily out of the harbour on the midstream of the tide, he drew in a great chestful of air and suddenly expelling it he said with relief, "By golly!" And turning to one of the labourers he asked :

"All aboard, George?"

One gross boxes, Jay," the labourer answered.

The little man did not appear to have heard this reply, because he stared for a moment at the great stacks of boxes which filled the barge, then murmuring to himself he began to walk slowly along the deck counting his goods.

Two, four, six, eight, ten, one dozen. . . . The labourer watched him for a moment, then returning to the shadow of the wheelhouse he said softly to his mate, "Unbelievin' little swine! Look at 'im!"

"I know," laughed the other man. He raised his voice and bellowed, "There's three extra at the end, Jay! Don't miss 'em!" He and his mate leaned leisurely against the wheelhouse and watched Jay passing along the deck.

The sky above was dark and full of great ponderous clouds which moved steadily towards the north-east. The wind gusted continually from the south, gathering the sea into waves which seethed spitefully against the barge and occasionally broke in bursts of spray on the deck. The barge swayed very slightly. But from long experience of the passage to the distant island the labourers knew that despite the clouds, the wind and the spray, there would be no storm. All night it would blow like this; yet, by dawn the wind would have subsided, and the clouds, too, would have drifted miles away to the north.

Their eyes returned to Jay. There was something fascinating in his curious body, in the way he walked and swung his arms, and in his immense vitality. He moved effortlessly in a sort of trot, flicking his feet and swaying from side to side. Whatever he did seemed to be performed by some part of him which was always on the alert; so that it seemed that behind all his actions only a fraction of his energy was expended on movements which claimed great efforts of strength in other men. His enormous blunt torso forced itself upon the perception of people around him. They saw the wide shoulders, the short powerful neck, and above that a face of incredible ugliness which seemed to thrust itself forward impudently aware of the amazement which it always produced. The little malevolent eyes twitched and yet never quite closed under the big tufted eyebrows, the wide lips curled into grimaces opening and closing over the dark hollow of his mouth, and he breathed heavily all the while through his mouth.

"Ugly little bastard, ain't he?" whispered one of the labourers good-humouredly.

Jay had reached the far end of the stack of boxes and had already begun to count the boxes there when one of the gipsy women suddenly sat upright. She stared at Jay, then rousing her companions she remarked rapidly in a low voice, half in fear, half in derision, "Oh my God! Look at 'im! Look!" The other gipsies raised themselves on their elbows and stared at him.

"Why, it's Jay!" one of them exclaimed; and she put her hand before her face and laughed in a shrill way. The little man turned round at once.

"Well! By golly!" he exclaimed. "Three of 'em! Three nice tarts," he said in his hoarse voice. "Three nice tarts, or I'm a Dutchman!" He moved slowly towards them, peering at them with rapid glances.

"Where d'you come from?" he asked, standing before them.

The women ignored his question, and as if fascinated by his powerful troll-like body they stared at him for some moments. At last one of them said, "What you got in them boxes, Jay?"

"Peaches and pears, my queen, peaches and pears," said Jay.

"Oh listen! My queen, my queen!" the gypsies laughed. The one who had asked the question added, "Give us one of them, Jay."

The little man suddenly seated himself on the ropes amongst them and began to bargain with them in a light bantering way.

"Ha! What'll you give me for it?"

"Tell your fortune?"

"Ha!"

"Give you a bit o' lace then. Come on, a nice bit of lace, Jay."

The little man shook his head and grinned. "Them peaches and pears is worth a fortune!"

"Give us one for luck, then."

"I'll give you a thunderin' good 'iding," laughed Jay.

"You," scorned the woman, "you wouldn't give nothin' away."

Jay looked at her for a moment, then his glance strayed to the boxes. "Once," he said, "when I was takin' some fruit to a lady in the country—a 'undredweight of apples and two boxes of oranges it was—she asked me to put 'em in the barn. And when I'd carted them round and was stowin' them away she come and put her arms round me. She made love to me, she did, you wouldn't believe . . . The three gipsy women were suddenly convulsed with laughter.

"What, don't you believe me?" roared Jay. And without any warning he seized them in his powerful arms and tumbled them on the ropes. They broke free from him and began to pummel him; but he only laughed at their blows, and throwing his arms round them again he crushed them to him with such fierceness that they could only gasp and giggle in his grip. Then he kissed them all violently, and springing away from them he passed quickly along the deck towards the wheelhouse.

A lamp swinging high on the roof of the wheelhouse threw a circle of light upon the deck beneath; and in this pale glimmer the two labourers were seated playing cards. They played swiftly, with their features set in a slight frown and their chins sunk upon their chests. They never moved their heads, but their sombre eyes darted swift glances continually to and fro from their hands to the little space on the deck. Sometimes they grunted in monosyllables recording the score. They seemed lost to everything around them. Above them the face of the sailor at the wheel showed grey and impassive through the glass of the wheelhouse; only when his hands came slowly up clutching the spokes of the wheel or when he leaned slightly forward checking his course by the compass did he give any sign of life.

Jay went and leaned over the side of the barge. Below him the sea slopped against the vessel, and, as far as his eyes could see, the water loomed away, dark, touched with crests of foam, ominous. The lights of the barge shone upon the waves, which appeared grey. The waves flowed past sluggishly, sullenly, and the occasional luminosity of their surface gave only an impression of immense depth and power.

Coming out from the darkness the wind passed in a steady breeze above the barge. On all sides the darkness was intense. The lights of the harbour had long since disappeared and there were no signs of land or ships in any quarter of the sea. The wind, the panting of the engine of the barge, and the fall and splash of the waves were the only sounds in the night.

Presently, when he became tired of staring at the sea, Jay watched the labourers again. But soon he stole quietly away to the fore of the barge. He crept near the gipsies, who now lay asleep under the shelter of the great coils of rope, and stirring one of them who lay nearest him he grinned down at her. Without speaking she glanced at him as though repelled and yet unable to take her eyes from contemplating his vigorous body. He stood for a moment, assured, letting her sense his strong attractive personality, then he beckoned once or twice with his head, and the woman rose and followed him to the other side of the barge. He took her in his arms and began kissing her roughly. She screeched and laughed, but all her protests and struggles were of no avail against the cajolery of Jay.

The labourers near the wheelhouse suddenly looked up from their game and listened to the echo of the laughter coming from the fore peak of the barge. Glancing at each other they smiled without speaking, and nodded their heads in the direction of the gipsy women. Soon, when the night was far advanced, they threw down the cards, and rising to their feet they yawned and stretched their arms. They took out their short clay pipes and lit them. Standing with their backs to the wheelhouse with their feet crossed and their arms folded they occasionally removed their pipes and glanced thoughtfully at the red bowls. Then they returned the pipes to their lips, and leaning back their heads they smoked contentedly. The sailor at the wheel having completed his spell of duty came down and stood with the labourers, and his place at the wheel was taken by his mate, who had been dozing behind the wheelhouse.

"Where's Jay?" called the sailor who had just gone on duty. The three men on the deck burst into laughter. Their voices echoed across the sea. "Asleep with the angels, Nobby," they replied. The sailor laughed briefly and made an incoherent reply. A silence fell upon the three men who stood before the wheelhouse. Presently, they all moved away to the stern of the barge, and lying upon the deck close to the side of the vessel each man drew a tarpaulin cover over himself. For a time they murmured to one another, but soon their conversation ceased and they slept.

Several hours later the barge was approaching the shores of a long grey island. As yet it was too early to distinguish much of the detail of the island. The dawn had hardly broken and only a very pale greyness was upon the world. The sky was overcast with clouds, but the wind had subsided to a faint soft current of air, moist and smelling of the sea. Presently, as the barge moved towards the island, the day became lighter. Some sea birds flew overhead, circling and dipping and sometimes perching on the vessel; and around the barge the sea appeared with long drowsy swells across whose smoothness the faint wind gathered little ripples, feathered and swift as cloud shadows. In the distance the hills of the island could be discerned with their long graceful slopes green with fields and trees.

Soon the barge altered its course. It had drawn to within a half mile of the coast and was now moving parallel to the low sandy shore. For several minutes it continued in this way until it slackened speed and turned its blunt prow towards the entrance of a little bay. The sailor in the wheelhouse tugged the electric siren and a dismal hoot sped across the water. The hills surrounding the bay gave back the echo, once, twice, until it faded into the silence of the dawn. On board the barge the labourers and the sailors bestirred themselves. Jay came trotting to the wheelhouse,

and climbing up beside the sailor he stood peering in silence at the bay. The gipsy women stood up, and gathering their huge baskets and bundles they moved them nearer the side of the barge in readiness. Coming from their shelter behind the wheelhouse the labourers and the sailor moved forward to where the women stood and began uncoiling the mooring ropes. They glanced slowly at the gipsies but did not speak. And the gipsies watched in silence whilst the barge drifted towards the low wooden pier.

Everyone appeared preoccupied. Moving here and there upon the deck they maintained a silence. Glancing at each other there was a mildness in their eyes. Gravely, with their heads inclined, the gipsies stood beside the labourers, observing all their movements ; and the men, too, were aloof and silent as they uncoiled the ropes and waited.

But no sooner had the barge touched the pier and the ropes been made fast than the spell of silence was broken. Clambering quickly ashore the women stood in a group facing the hills. The gipsy who had slept with Jay held one hand clasped tightly against her bosom whilst furtively she opened her fingers revealing three bright florins. The other women looked with silent envy at her. Then with a smile of contentment she closed her fingers and walked away with her companions along the pier. As soon as they were ashore the gipsies halted, and chattering amongst themselves they began to call farewell to the men on the barge. A soft peach hurled from the barge spattered near them and drove them hastening away. From a distant point they shouted derisively at the sailors ; but their raucous shrieks came incoherently to the pier and passed onwards across the bay to mingle with the wild calling of the sea birds fluttering above the barge.

Jay had come down from the wheelhouse and jumped ashore. Some men were coming from a shed near the pier, and as soon as he saw them Jay beckoned to them and began to shout orders to everyone. He ran here and there, pointing, shouting, and helping to unload the boxes. And suddenly the pier was alive with men passing to and fro, calling to one another and checking the boxes. They worked rapidly, so that within a few minutes the barge was already half unloaded and the motor lorries standing near the shed were stacked high with boxes of fruit for the market.



THE BITTER BARBS OF UNCONSIDERED THINGS.



HY do they wound me always, always wound me,
With bitter barbs of unconsidered things?
Even the closest wound me daily and all day,
Sometimes with words, spoken unthinkingly,
And sometimes with gestures and looks
That say so much more than words;
And the unconscious things wound me more than any,
Go deeper, being sharper and quicker.

They wound me most when they are so unhumble,
Ignorant-proud and scornful,
Smirching my loved ones with an easy word
Coming too quickly from a bitter tongue.
And chiefly too
When they deliver callow armchair judgments,
Deriding my prophets of the new age,
Putting aside a world of culture with a shoulder-shrug.

Lightly they speak and carelessly
Of nearest and most intimate things,
And they go roughly handling what I have not dared to touch,
Loving it too much.
The things I hold most holy
They cannot understand,
But still keep wounding me always, always wounding me,
Adding the thrust on thrust that makes me suffer.



M. R-TZ.

At the table high
He'd nibble and sip
While his dreams slipped by.—W. DE LA MARE.

NEW HALL.

... Nay even the ear is fed, and on the gather'd guests
a trifling music playeth, dispelling all thought,
that while they fill the belly, the empty mind may float
lightly in the full moonshine of o'erblown affluence.—BRIDGES.

F. W. K., BR-MBY.

When first we met we did not guess
That love would prove so hard a master.—BRIDGES.

THE BROKEN GLASS.



E gazed into space and said "Karen," not once but many times. Had he been conscious of his surroundings he would have shivered from the coldness of the room, and dwelt critically upon the patches of damp now disfiguring the wall-paper once described in the catalogue as "primrose-yellow." He put away the book he had been reading—a volume of Keats, open at the end of "Lamia"—and pushed back his chair which scraped noisily over the bare boards. He was vaguely conscious of the starlings who were squabbling outside (it was September), and the shouts of the ragged little brats who were playing down below in the street. The landlady, who did her meagre best for the inhabitants of the fifth-rate boarding-house, tapped on the door, and, receiving no answer, entered apologetically, bringing with her a smell of frying; but as her lodger took no notice of her whatsoever, she went out again, shaking her head as old women will, and firmly convinced that "all Mister John needed was a good strong cup o' tea."

John Carlton—he had always been proud of his "plain John"—crossed to a cupboard, lit a cigarette and lay down on the iron bedstead. His face was that of the aesthete, delicate, almost petulant, with large brown eyes, a nose that was so perfectly modelled that it seemed unreal, unmanly, and a rather full mouth. His hair flopped across his eyes. He pushed it back, and remembered how he'd hugged himself with delight when, several years ago, someone had suggested that it was like a raven's wing sweeping across his high, pale forehead. God! What a sublime egotist he had been then! How certain he was that he could make good, startle the world, how certain that he could hold this woman when as an undergraduate at Oxford he met her for the first time. How exactly had he met her? Strangely enough he could not remember. He knew, however, he had fallen head over heels in love with her, although (and he remembered this now with a kind of grave satisfaction) he had never done anything of which he might have cause to be ashamed. But she it was who wasted for him those years from nineteen to twenty-three. He was living in a veritable fools' paradise, his spirit sapped, his determination undermined; he drifted, waiting for the gods to be kind to him. And the gods were not kind. Something of a natural genius, he went to seed, lost his grip on himself and on the world, lost all his friends, because of Karen.

And then, of course, she had deserted him. Everybody had said she would, and everybody had been right. So he found himself thus—without the guts (he relished the words), to face the world, with the mind of the poet plunged into this sordidness. He likened himself to the hero in W. J. Locke's "Beloved Vagabond," who sat up in his bed reading Homer whilst little Asticot cooked kippers for their breakfast, eaten, in default of plates, from the evening newspaper. But then Asticot's master wasn't in love, and *he* was, or at least had been not very long ago.

Of course, there was always suicide. He had often thought of it before, but had fought it off with the faint hope that one day she might come back. But now he wasn't too sure that he was still in love with her, although if she *were* to come he supposed that he would take her and be just as foolish as he had been before, yet he was convinced, now, in this room, that he hated her. He was certain beyond doubt that she cared no more for him.

He took up his hat from the chair, went down the stairs and out into the street. Soon he found himself walking along the Waterloo Road to St. George's Circus. He

turned eastwards and, walking somewhat rapidly, and, ignoring grubby children pestering him for cigarette cards, he came to the Lambeth district and wandered around the back streets. Mean streets they were ; but to-night, at any rate, he felt that he was not worth anything better, if, indeed, he ever had been during the last few years. Squalor, filth, pettiness—all of it seemed in harmony with his present state of mind. A drunken man lurched across his path and he thought how fine it would be to go and get drunk like that. He had only been drunk once in his life, and that was to see how it felt. He had not enjoyed the experience, but now it seemed to him the only thing to do. He turned into the next public-house he saw, and, almost suffocated by the fumes of beer and smoke, sat down at the nearest table. Several hardened drinkers soon joined him, scenting amusement from this pale young man, and advised him on the relative merits of the drinks. At the end of half an hour he rose, and felt his way to the door. The fresh air in the street sobered him a little, although he was by no means master of himself. His brain held three thoughts which chased each other round and round—"Karen . . . love . . . suicide . . . Karen . . . love . . . suicide . . . Karen . . ."

He walked a long way like this until at last he came to Vauxhall Bridge. He clambered up and stood on the iron work, swaying gently. A girl who was passing screamed ; a man grabbed at his feet. He kicked the hands away and dropped into the river.

Not so very many yards away, in a private suite of rooms in the Savoy, looking south over the Thames, a man was entertaining a friend at dinner. He had learnt much in the school of film courtship, and now as he raised his glass to his partner he said, silkily—

"And how many hearts, my Karen, have you broken thus ?"

And she looked back at him, raising those exquisitely-shaped eyebrows which had caused many pounds to pass from her bank to the beauty parlour, and replied—

"Not one. I never break hearts ; I just crack them, so—" and taking up a knife she lightly tapped one of the wine-glasses on the table . . . but it shivered into a hundred pieces and lay upon the table . . .



AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

LUX FULGET.

Joseph. Give me the pitcher, Rachel. I watched you as you toiled up through the vineyard, and it seemed to me that your feet were weary and the pathway steep.

Rachel. You are kind and thoughtful. I did not think that I should meet a friend to-night.

Joseph. I have been along the mountain road to old Josiah's dwelling. He has grown feeble lately and needs the carven chair that I have made him.

I am glad I went this evening. Did you notice, Rachel, as you went to fetch your water, how deeply blue the sky was in the east and how richly purple grew the shadows. I love this country, Rachel; they called it once the Land of Paradise.

Rachel. Once I believed them, Joseph, believed their honeyed words of Israel's Messiah. But I grew weary. Always to live in a Land of Promise is never to know fulfilment.

Joseph. You speak more bitterly than you feel.

Rachel. Maybe I do. And yet I know my words are true. I was wondering as I climbed the hillside if indeed a Messiah will come to his people.

You are right, Joseph. There is a strange glory in this evening's stillness, a whispered breathlessness, a tense and eloquent restraint, but it seems that only a little thing is holding its meaning from me!

Joseph. You feel these things and yet lack faith in God?

Rachel. Only dimly do I understand you. I have no faith that God will hear our cry and deliver us from the Roman. For that I hope—but unbelievingly. My prayers are cold. Yet there is a faith in me that grows, a living faith that daily clamours more to light a beacon for my life.

Joseph. What is this faith?

Rachel. I am not yet sure. It grows so quickly. It is faith that I, even I, Rachel, must seek until I find. Maybe it is Messiah that I must seek: I do not know. I thought perhaps this evening would have told me. Look, Joseph, the first white star hangs in the lonely sky; my soul is like that star.

Joseph. That star is loveliest of all.

Rachel. Loveliest, did you say? Was it by chance you found a word to teach me truth? To love and to be loved, is not this the end of wisdom and the goal of yearning?

Lo! I am a woman! Pain and travail are my portion, but children are the lot of my inheritance! My sons shall be conceived in truth and my daughters born in beauty!

Joseph. Rachel, I loved you once.

Rachel. I think you love me still, Joseph. Your love is holier now, distilled and sweetened with love for God. In your inmost soul you are a priest.

Joseph. Believe it, Rachel, believe it! Pray God that you may evermore believe it! Listen to me.

To-morrow, as the day breaks, when the birds are singing, Rachel, as they always do down there in the valley, and when the mist still clings to the vineyards, I shall take Mary of Judah to be my wife.

Rachel. I hear your words as one who strives to waken from a painful dream. You then, Joseph, have begotten the child she bears! Ah, Joseph, Joseph!

Joseph. O Lord my God be merciful! Give this woman wisdom and understanding. Send forth thy light and thy truth that they may lead her!

There is silence a little while.

Rachel. The heavens are filled with stars now.

Joseph. Look, Rachel, low in the east! I have never seen it before—a star, brighter indeed than all the rest!

Rachel, look at me, and tremble to know and feel my strength! The Son of Mary is the Son of God!

Rachel. Your words are wild, you are speaking madness, but I believe you, Joseph, I believe you utterly.

Joseph. You believe me because you must. Pain and travail are your portion, and these without faith and without love are sterile. Give me the pitcher, Rachel.



PROF. P-NT-.

How nice it is to be superior!
Because really, it's no use pretending, one is superior, isn't one?

D. H. LAWRENCE.

FIRST WEEK, NEW HALL.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood
And view'd, but not displeased, the revelrie
Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude.—BYRON.

D. S. M-LI-R.

Mine have been anything but studious hours.—LAMB.

P. W. S. -NDR-WS.

O, you are sick of self-love, and taste with a distempered appetite.
“Twelfth Night.”

BALLAD.



Y love that waits me by the sea,
Shall sing my name to empty air—
If only love could make me be
A lover fit for such as she,
My love that waits me by the sea
Would sing no name to empty air.

But she that waits me on the shore,
And sings my name in glad refrain,
Bears sweeter name than Helen bore,
But I shall never see her more,
And she that waits me on the shore
Will sing her lover's name in vain.

Her anxious eyes will seek me round
And deeply, deeply will she sigh,
But I shall never hear the sound,
But be on other business bound
When anxious glances seek me round
And hopes despairing slowly die.

—Ah ! there she waits, and there, I know,
Will sing my name to empty air.
Ah me ! that ever I should go
The way of scorn, and she should know
The faults of flesh, and let time blow
My name away on empty air.

If love would give me leave to-day
To sing her name in glad refrain,
Then I should meet her where I may
And kiss her bitter tears away ;
But by the shore my love to-day
Must sing my hapless name in vain.

I leave her lest she know too well
That hope may slowly, slowly die ;
For longer love might prove her knell
When lovers break. And so I tell :
I leave her lest she know too well
That withered hopes may slowly die.



REDUCED COURSE WOMAN.

“ Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey ;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.”—TENNYSON.

NOCTURNE.



WALK the lonely city street
With pasteboard houses either side,
And puppet figures wanly greet
The stranger that their hearts deride.

The tenements that close me in
Gleam ghostly by the midnight sky,
And empty doorways idly grin
At nightbirds slowly slinking by.

Like lonely outposts in the gloom,
The yellow street-lamps coldly glow :
Above, the sullen houses loom,
And gloat upon the street below.

The lewd white moon looks slowly down
On crazy alleys, streets awry,
And sees the foul, be-slobbered town
Poke dirty fingers at the sky.

The windows of this barracoon
May gaze at me with eyes obscene,
But I and the picture-postcard moon
Smile bravely over roofs between.



CUB-HUNTING.



UB-HUNTING, forerunner of hunting, begins to-day. Loyal alarms waken their owners as the clock in the tower strikes five. Townspeople are enjoying the sleep of the just, but here, barely twenty miles away, the people are astir. The grass and trees gleam silver in the pale light of the moon. In the east a faint glow foretells sunrise. Down in the valley there is a thick white mist, but it only reaches about six feet above the grass. Beyond it the firs rise dark and sinister, lightened by silver beams of moonlight. From the distance the wind carries the baying of the hounds.

The huntsman and whips have been up for over an hour, making preparations for the day's work. Now they are hastily snatching some breakfast before their horses are sent up from the stables. There all seems bustle and confusion, but the horses are ready. Each shining grey paws the ground impatiently, waiting for the Master. This latter is an Infantry Colonel, lately retired from service in India. Born and bred in the traditional country style, he is a typical squire to whom hunting is the be-all and end-all of life. He is of moderate height, heavy-built and bald; he blends a hot temper with an extensive knowledge of a certain Indian dialect. This serves him admirably when things do not go as he wants them, either at home or in the field, since he has discovered it usually inexpedient to express his emotion of anger in his native tongue. This morning he is in fine fettle. While his own horse Iron Duke is led to the mounting-steps he gives unnecessary advice to his second horseman about where he wishes to change horses. The groom apparently attends, but he knows the Colonel from long experience, so his memory is too short to retain these instructions. At last the Colonel mounts. The hunt servants follow suit, and all ride to the meet. The whips release the hounds, who dash round and round excitedly till they are brought to order by the threatening crack of the huntsman's whip.

The first meet of the season is always in front of the Colonel's picturesque red-brick mansion. It was built in Tudor times as a monastery, but was secularised and became a spacious home for the local squire. A few followers have gathered together—only a few, because the early hour deters all who do not rise betimes. The attire is motley, for nobody wears full hunting dress for cubbing. Bright pullovers gleam against dull coats in the dim morning light. There are as many different styles of head dress as there are people present, but caps and bowlers are predominant. Almost the same variety is seen in the choice of mounts. Some people are riding good hunters, some bad ones, a few ride ponies, and an irrepressible schoolboy has persuaded his donkey to carry him thus far at any rate. The tragic figure of the hunter whose doctor has forbidden him to ride is there too. He is on a bicycle. A small crowd have come on foot. They know short cuts across country and will follow the chase as far as they are able, and some at least will be in at the kill.

The tower clock chimes the hour. After a brief consultation, the Colonel moves off with the hounds and whips, and the field follow on. They reach the first cover, and the business of drawing scent begins. The huntsmen are posted at intervals round the edge of the woodland, and the hounds run yelping among the trees. Whips crack in the still morning air. A distant call is echoed close at hand. The field wait at a short distance. Suddenly a hound gives the peculiar hunting cry. The others gather round and off they go. The Colonel sounds his horn as a signal to the huntsmen to leave their posts and follow him. Tally ho! On go the hounds in full cry, as the scent is good. The wood is left far behind; the horsemen straggle over the open country. A few good or reckless riders keep up with the hounds. The mist hides the hounds as they reach the valley. Charlie is well away, beyond the

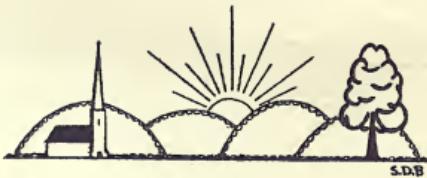
lake, through the spinney and over the hill. As the hounds tear past the lake the wild duck rise with harsh cries and seek another, more peaceful haunt, where they may pursue their rest, undisturbed by hunters or by hounds.

The leading hound slows down his pace, conscious of having lost the trail. The others follow suit, and each wanders at will. A few minutes later Rainer discovers the proper trail and bays to the others to follow. Again they set off in full cry. The hunters straggle out. The people on foot take short cuts in an endeavour to keep the hounds in sight. Down the hillside through the mist in the valley and up the opposite slope rush the hounds. A small reddish-brown form in full flight appears in front. His energy is flagging and the hounds overtake him rapidly. A few seconds later Charlie is no more seen to view. The Chief Whip dismounts, separates the hounds and severs the mask and brush from the carcase. The latter is thrown to the hounds, the former are handed to the Master, who first bleeds the youngest and newest member of the Hunt to be in at the kill, and then hands them over to the young rider.

The Whip returns his knife to the sheath on his saddle and mounts. The hounds move off to draw another cover. A faint baying proclaim that they have again found scent. The noise dies away in the distance. Hounds and riders vanish below the hill.

Just after half-past ten the sound of a hunting horn proclaims the return of the hunters. The hounds are taken to the kennels to be cleaned and fed. The horses are sent to the stables and left to the mercy of the grooms. Two fine masks and brushes hang from the Chief Whip's saddle. The Colonel declares the hunt to have been good. He dismisses his horse, crosses over to talk to the Major and invite him in to a whiskey and soda. The various followers leisurely drift home to breakfast. The noise of the hunt has died away, but silence reigns no more, for the rooks in the tree tops disturb the air with noisy clamour. The sun shines wanly as the mist in the valley clears rapidly. The dew vanishes from the grass. Somewhere there are three stained patches of earth which even now are being obliterated by the local game-keepers. The three masks and brushes alone remain. In due course these will be cured and mounted and hung with other trophies in various halls.

Indoors the Colonel and Major drink their whiskey. "Damn fine sport this morning," says the Colonel.



MONOLOGUE.



OU called me harlot, dubbed me prostitute
And left me, stricken in our mutual shame,
Naked even to myself, and destitute
Eyen of self-pity.

Your words were ugly but your eyes were mild
With memories and the deep dark light
That first awoke my longing, then defiled
My virgin thought,
Still burned there steadily. Anger or hate
I trusted would have gutted out its sweetness,
But from stark truth no lie could emanate
Or passion grow.

Ours was a lovely idyll. I can feel
So strongly now with my new-wakened soul
The quivering tenseness of delight, the warm real
Birth of love
That quickened honeyed hours of sleep and waking
Even through a fretted rack of lust and sin,
And reached its joyous freedom in the breaking
Of a myriad selves
We'd conjured mutually and fed with wrong.
Strange that so pure and free a soul as this
New-living greater me should have grown strong
Despite our weakness.

This surely is Reality : to see
And feel at once the strength of sin, and power
Of loveliness, in rich humility
To worship Truth.



BOAT CLUB.

Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?—“*Titus Andronicus.*”

Y—TM-N.

Thou art a boil,
A plague sore, an embossed carbuncle.—“*King Lear.*”

A PROTEST AGAINST EDITORIAL TYRANNY.



OUR after hour, I had listened to the asthmatical tick of my alarm-clock before me, had watched its hideous black hands creep gloatingly over its dial, and now they pointed to half-past midnight. I was a doomed man. A horrible threat hung over my head, like the proverbial sword of Damocles. I had never had much respect for that venerable weapon and its myth, until this moment, when I felt a most profound sympathy for Damocles. The threat that was driving me to insanity was not, however, one of physical violence, but, what is perhaps worse, it was one which affected my moral character. Here, in short, is the whole miserable story.

The Editor had demanded a contribution from my far from prolific pen. The age-old excuse of having too much work to do did not touch his stony heart, for alas! he lives only too close to me. In fact he was actually in the room above my head, probably plunged in a disgustingly peaceful slumber, while I gloomily communed with my alarm-clock. When I had told him I couldn't write anything sensible or even faintly amusing, he had poo-pooed the excuse and callously put it down to false modesty. Finally he had produced his diabolical threat: either he would have an article from my hand at the moment of going to press, or else he would insert in the number one of those fiendish quotations, alongside of which would appear the consonantal skeleton of my name. What is worse, this would be no ordinary quotation of a somewhat facetious but harmless nature, but one which with its scurrilous and unjustified import would blight my fair name for ever.

I had procrastinated, as usual, and yesterday was the last day of grace allowed to my inspiration. To-day, that grace was to expire, and so was my reputation if the article was not forthcoming. In vain, I had spent the whole evening racking my weary brains; my fount of inspiration was dry. My doggerel Muse had failed me miserably, and was now weeping copiously over the torn-up sheets of foolscap at the bottom of my waste-paper basket, sheets which had scribbled on them several meagre still-born inspirations. There was nothing I could think of to fill a letter to the Editor, for I am of a disgustingly peaceful temperament, and could never produce a really original moan. In any case my epistolary style is of the very common-place Dear-somebody-I-am-very-well-and-I-hope-you-are-too variety. To cut the whole wretched tale short—my inventive faculty was too stultified to produce the slightest resemblance of a literary effusion. Finally, in despair, I crawled into bed with a splitting ache in my head and six aspirins in my stomach, and eventually fell into a troubled sleep.

Now I have often felt sorry for Hamlet, worrying as he did over the problem of being or not being, and over the possibility of having nightmares in the final sleep of death, but now I feel fully sympathetic towards him; for the nightmare that tortured me last night must have beaten anything he, or even Edgar Allan Poe, could have imagined. In fact the visions of pink elephants with blue-spotted spats and of purple monkeys with revolving teeth, so familiar to inebriated minds, are sweet midsummer nights' dreams compared with the monsters which loomed before my fevered brain last night.

I seemed to be in an underground station—not of the nice white-tiled and not-too-fusty London variety, but an underground station of a tartarean character, gloomy and horrific. The platform beneath my feet was slippery as though smeared with a thick coating of cart-grease. Moreover, it was only about nine inches broad; behind me was a slimy black wall, and below my nose was a maze of rails; only

instead of being the usual neat parallel lathes of shining metal, they were a mass of scaly tubes which interlaced and writhed about like giant pythons engaged in a wretching match.

But the smell of the place was the masterpiece of horror ; it was an unholy effluvium, a mixture of garlic, bad eggs, sewers and machine-oil, with a background of a strong decayed-fish odour such as assails our delicate nostrils as we enter Refec. at Friday lunch-time.

Raising my tortured gaze from the snaky mess below, my eyes confronted the bilious-hued dial of an immense clock above my head. There was something satanic about its expression—it seemed to sneer gloatingly at my misery, and the motion of its hands was maddening. Closer scrutiny revealed that the hour hand was moving at a terrific speed, anti-clockwise, while the minute hand crawled slowly round in the legitimate direction for all well-behaved timepieces. What was worse, it had a pair of sea-green bulging eyes which were fixed on mine, and a nanny-goat beard which wagged ridiculously to and fro to the time of its ticking. It wasn't exactly a tick, but rather a strident, rhythmic grating, as of a knife scraped on a sheet of tin. My brain was bursting, and the perspiration dripped thickly from my brow like treacle percolating through a colander.

My attention was brusquely drawn to a deafening screeching noise, like that of a thousand mad women cackling over some very strong joke ; and from the midst of the gloom to my left, preceded by a whiff of sulphurous fumes, rushed a long undulating caterpillar with a huge hooked nose, wide bleary eyes, hopelessly crossed, and a leering mouth which showed pink up-curved teeth as long as scimitars. I shut my eyes, expecting to be swallowed up in this cavernous orifice, but the monster evidently missed me by inches and came to a horribly abrupt standstill. It gave a long, self-satisfied snort, like the lowest note played on a leaky trombone ; and then a dead, ominous silence reigned. I ventured to open my eyes, to see, stepping from a door which opened in the scaly side of the monster-train, a fearful but slightly familiar figure.

By now I was convinced that I had departed this life, and was in Hell, about to be "taken for a ride" in the infernal train by Old Man Satan, for this personage who towered alongside me could be no other. But on meeting his gaze, I had a momentary feeling of relief, for instead of Satan it was—the Editor of the *West Saxon*. Whereat, my relief gave way to a redoubled horror, for remembering the Editor's threat, I came to the swift conclusion that I should have preferred to be meeting the Infernal One rather than this.

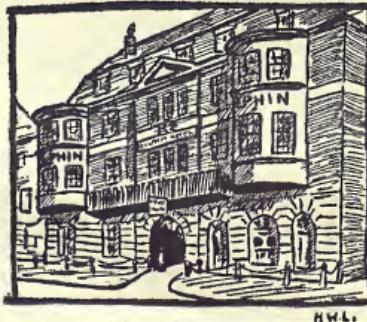
The Editor was taller than ever or else I had shrunk to half my size—his long nose was longer than ever, and his mouth leered in a more sinister way than usual. His now protruding eyes gloated over my helplessness. Over each ear was stuck a long pen, dripping with ink, and he was clad in foolscap from his long neck downwards. Even his familiar ink-stained and ceaseless flannel bags were invisible. So he stood, and pointed at me with the long skinny index finger of his right hand, and with his left he indicated the gaping door in the monster's side, through which I could see nothing but a sickly greenish glow.

I screamed, turned and tried to run away from the awe-inspiring Pan. My legs went round like the pistons of the Flying Scotchman, but they propelled me not an inch ; for my feet slipped at every step on the greasy platform. For quite thirty seconds I carried out this exercise in the approved Micky Mouse manner, and then shot forward on my stomach towards the other end of the platform. I passed in this manner through some heaven-sent exit and into a long winding passage. I toboganned thus for quite half a mile, propelled by my terror, for from behind came the sounds of pursuit. The Editor's feet pounded along as if he was going all-out in the Win-

chester-Southampton annual walk, and a hoard of devils seemed to be following him with delighted shrieks. Eventually I came to a halt by bumping my chin with a star-raising thud against the bottom step of a staircase. With a superhuman effort, I sprang to my feet and dashed up the steps. But although I ran like a man possessed, a placard advertising Jeye's Fluid on the wall alongside seemed to be keeping pace with me ; and then I realised that I was running up a long moving escalator—and it was moving in the opposite direction to that in which I was making my escape. How long that mad race went on, with the Editor and his myrmidons behind, yelling blood-curdling threats, and the edifying placard proclaiming Jeye's Fluid to be the world's best disinfectant exhorting me alongside, I do not know. At last, the escalator suddenly and providentially reversed, and I left my Jeye's Fluid friend behind and shot upwards. A bell was now ringing madly as though to applaud my escape. The speed of the ascending escalator increased, and I suddenly came to the top, to be hurled into the dark and empty air. After a flight lasting about a minute, I landed with a thud—and awoke to find myself on the floor of my room, enveloped in bed-clothes and streaming with perspiration, while the alarm-clock tinkled merrily on the table above me. With a sigh of relief that defies all description, I threw the clock through the window, climbed back into bed and slept a sweet and untroubled sleep. I missed breakfast, but it was worth it.

My awful experience has evidently affected my nerves, because several benevolent-minded people at College to-day have remarked on my pallor and on the black rings under my eyes.

However, by reciting this tale—which, of course, no one will doubt for a moment—I hope to prove to all and sundry that my washed-out appearance is *not* due to inebriation last night, but through a nervous breakdown due to the Editor's bullying and blackmailing methods of extracting articles from over-worked fellow-students.

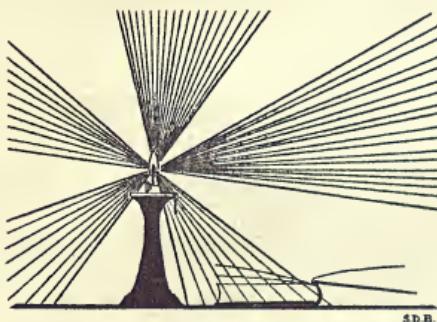


CITY MORNING.



MORNING, and hands are pulling up the blind.
The wan light steals across the dusty floor,
And feet go creaking down the stairs to find
Letters and morning paper in the door.

Outside, the morning milk ; and hungry cats
Licking the broken bits from canned-meat tins,
A blear-eyed housemaid shaking out the mats,
And loafers filling sacks from garbage-bins.



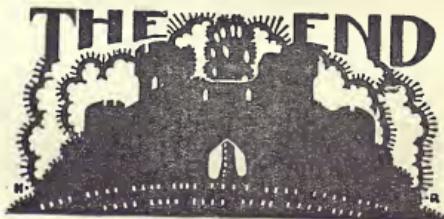
CANTO DEL MUNDO.



HE world is fair ! Fond shepherd change that tune !
Tear off the bandage from your love-lorn eyes,
And sing of earthly things 'neath earthly skies,
Proclaim the canker in the Rose of June.

Thy notes which lull to languid sleep
Revive and make a call to arms.
Cease prating of the world's few charms,
Try men to highest aims to keep.

When weary of the world and all its ways,
To Pan-made poetry, opiate vision-food,
Men turn, in sweet oblivion woed
To cloth the barren nakedness of earthly days
With vestures culled from other spheres
—For ladies' brows reserved the muses' potent tears.



THIS CULTURE BUSINESS.



THE search for intellectual Beauty and Truth is and always has been the present and ultimate aim of our investigations into the accumulated mass of lore and tradition both of our own generation and of our forebears.

Our steady ambition has been to appreciate the infinite variety of mankind, to comprehend their subtleties, to honour and respect the collective wisdom of the ages, and to bring to ourselves that deep consciousness of all that constitutes the quintessence of "harmonious culture" and the fullest realisation of each individual personality, that indefinable "Ego."

Thus inspired, we enter into the full stream of academic existence, desirous of bearing on the flaming torch of the glorious traditions of the search for the deep-seated and fundamental realities of life. Still flushed with the fervent ardour and vitality of full-blooded youth, we impatiently yearn for that auspicious moment when we, too, can contribute our infinitesimal drop in the ever-surging seas of the stock of human knowledge. Our intellectual being is infused through and through with "huge cloudy symbols of a high romance," we long to grapple with our spiritual problems, to wield the two-handed sword of reason and rapture in the struggle for the emancipation of mankind bound in the chains of darkness and despair.

Convinced of our abilities to live up to and to perpetuate the eternal principle of "sweetness and light," we are precipitated into the pulsating vortex of academic corporate life.

We enter U.C.S.

Form 3T.C.; Forms in triplicate; S.U. Forms; Tutors' Forms; thousands of the blasted things. Women, huts, no smoking, Refec., then later, terminals of T.D., Wardens, P.T. on the lawn, fines, academic dress, cutting lecs., etc., *ad nauseam*.

We find a few grains of comfort in the reflection that such mundane and lowly interferences with the even tenour of our well-ordered life are trifling, but soon discover that vandalism is rampant.

The romance fades. The idealism departs. We are caught in the snares of a soulless machine. Our identity is submerged in the materialism and uninspired hedonism of those about us.

Our fragrant idealism is crushed in the harshness and cruelty of the system. We leave as finished products. Degree men perhaps it is true, but our minds are no longer concerned with the higher things, we no longer look at life with a wild surmise, but our intellectual curiosity is now centred in careers, sex, Burnham Scales, films, all the crass and transient things which formerly we despised.

The modern University has done its job. The complete modern man is made.



RHAPSODY IN SOUP.



H ! for a stoup of soup of Guadalupe !
Oh ! to ingurgitate that turbid splurge !
To swill and fill till the moustaches droop
And turbid surges merge in gurgling dirge.

To slobber globules, gobble bobbled blobs,
To flush with luscious slush the gargantor,
To symphonize in palate slapping sobs
And roar for more galore for evermore !



CAESAR AND THE UNIVERSITY OF WESSEX.



THE recent discovery of the MS., printed below for the first (and last) time, has caused a first-class sensation in the historical world, and must result in the complete revision of our views on the state of civilisation of Celtic Britain. Of especial significance is the fact that the document establishes the antiquity of that great Wessex seat of learning, University College, Southampton, which can now trace back its foundation to remote times, long prior to such recent university institutions as Oxford and Paris.

The documents now brought to light, though at first received by scholars with doubts and misgivings, have been well authenticated. The discovery began with the finding of an old moth-eaten and rodent-gnawed map amongst the musty archives of the local Town Offices. The map bore the inscription "*Britanniae Pars—Agrorum Insulae Altorum.*" Further search revealed a detailed account of the islands and their inhabitants, and from internal evidence (principally the characteristic use of the Accusative and Infinitive construction) it is clear that the narrative is by the hand of Julius Caesar himself. He evidently intended it to form an addition to his "*De Bello Gallico*," Book V, but he was assassinated before he had time to correct the printers' proofs. The fact that the document is covered with ice-cream stains (which have been carefully analysed by the College chemical staff) make it clear that this was one of the papers seized by Marcus Antonius upon Caesar's death, and passed down from hand to hand in the family of the Antonii until it came to be deposited amongst the local records of the town.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Caesar landed in Britain in 54 B.C., overran Kent, crossed the Thames, and received the submission of Cassivellaunus and the tribe of the Trinobantes inhabiting modern Essex. Every schoolboy—poor devil—knows that much. What is less commonly known is that from Cassivellaunus, Caesar learnt of the existence to the West, in the heart of modern Wessex, of a great rival confederacy of the Belgae, whom he conceived to be part of the very same tribe had defeated in Northern Gaul. Whereupon, *his de rebus certior factus*, Caesar hastened up the Thames, overthrew the armies of the Belgic confederacy near Reading (*Legentum*), took their principal cities, Silchester and Winchester (*Calleva Atrebatum* and *Venta Belgarum*), and pushed down the valley of the Itchen (*Flumen irritabile*) to its mouth. And here, in the delta of the Itchen and the Test (*Fl. experimentum*), he discovered the *Agrorum Insulae Altorum*—an oasis of culture in the midst of British barbarism, with a small but virile population evincing signs of civilisation almost as advanced as that of Rome.

The islands, Caesar says, of which there were ten, formed a compact group, roughly square in shape, consisting of one large central island surrounded and protected by the remaining nine.

Fear of invasion by the barbarians north of the Thames had led the inhabitants—to whom he gave the name of *Viceriani* from their principal chief—to construct a strong palisade along the northern, eastern and southern shores; but on the western side, where the danger from the wild tribes beyond the Severn was even greater, they had devised an ingenious fence of ferrous metal.* For this same reason, the military forces of the *Viceriani* were garrisoned on the western island (*Campus Martius*), where they assembled on each eighth day, and in Caesar's presence demonstrated praise-

*Caesar's technical language in the description of this structure has occasioned controversy among classical scholars, and we refrain from committing ourselves to any translation.

worthy aptitude in the handling of bows and arrows, and in hurling lances. At the western extremity of this island, a strong dome-shaped building had been erected, and special optical appliances installed for detecting the approach of hostile bands from afar. Besides the military garrison, this island was also inhabited by a few stray members of a primitive tribe, known as the *Certificantes*, conquered by the *Viceriani*, who instructed them in the simple peaceful arts of basket-weaving, wood-carving and coracle-making.

To the south-east of "Campus Martius" lay a spacious island utilised for the storing and exercising of the Vicerian war chariots. Only the higher classes might own these vehicles, and strict regulations had been issued by the *Pro-Registrarius* as to their use for ordinary transport in times of peace.

Interposing between the western islands and the central islands were two long islands, known as the "Watkencyae—Major et Minor," which were devoted exclusively to pasture. The only settlement permitted by the rulers was the dwelling-place of the "Ianitor," a high State official whose precise functions Caesar was unable to discover.

On the main island was concentrated the bulk of the population, and this was the real seat of Vicerian culture and learning. The population Caesar estimated at about 500, divided into two classes, upper and lower. The former were the *Viceriani* proper, the conquering aristocracy, who resided in a large communal building constructed of solid masonry, which stretched along the entire length of the western shore. The architecture Caesar regarded as a distinct advance on anything he had yet encountered in Celtic Britain. The chief characteristic of the *Viceriani* was their great love of learning, at which they excelled. To which end they conducted campaigns for the capture of uncivilised tribes from the surrounding country, whom they forced to dwell in their islands until all traces of their barbarism had been obliterated. The lower class of inhabitants was composed of captives from the surrounding tribes, who often spoke their own languages, and were with difficulty understood by their conquerors by means of signs. Their numbers were so great that they could not, as in ancient times, be housed in the great stone building, but inhabited a village of wooden shanties to the east, no better than the villages of the Belgae and other tribes whom Caesar had visited.

Social life was organised on a strictly communal basis, which Caesar compares learnedly with the former system of Sparta and the theories of Plato. Meals were taken in common in a large wattle hut called by the native name of "Rufek."^{**} Class distinctions were observed, and the upper classes fed more sumptuously at separate tables in an annexe. The food rations, Caesar commented, were better than those accorded to the captives at Rome, but not so ample as the diet allowed to the lions between shows.

The social life of the captive tribes centred in a community hall opposite *Rufek*, where native dances were practised, and a curious repellent habit of "drinking tobacco" was indulged in by both sexes. This ancient custom of the barbarous tribes had survived all attempts at eradication by the *Viceriani*, who in fact themselves had in this respect fallen into the ways of the barbarians.

Caesar was greatly intrigued with the heating system of the hall, which was proudly demonstrated to him by the "Machinator" Sp. B. Spelunca, and apart from its noise and smell when in action records that it was probably as efficient as the furnaces in the Baths at Rome.

^{**}Sic in MS.

The south-west island is described as being devoted to athletic recreations, and Caesar's learned comments on the native ball-game will no doubt be earnestly read by Tennis and Netball coaches.

The remaining islands to the north and north-east were occupied by "coloniae," or off-settlements from the main island. That on the north-east, which Caesar called "Interregis Horti" (Regents Park), was devoted to wild animals, and their custody was entrusted to a State official known as the "Vice-comes" or "Shire-reeve." The island on the north-west was described as a penal settlement, called by the native name of "Botany Bay." It was sparsely inhabited, except during those periods when gangs of "Certificantes" were sent there for correction. The remaining island on the north side of the group was the province of the "Machinator," and was devoted to research in connection with less noisome heating installations, and to the manufacture of a native stone called "Kon Kreet."

This concludes Caesar's fascinating description of the islands. Rumours were heard of the existence of more distant "coloniae" established in the heart of the enemy country, on the "Ager Publicus" (Common) and on the further shores (*sic*) of the *Fl. irritable*, but affairs of State—*litteris recipitis*—recalled Caesar to Gaul before he could extend his investigations. His account ends with a warning that the whole position of the *Viceriani*, surrounded as they are on all sides by hostile nations, depends upon their military strength and the growth of pacifist feeling he viewed with the greatest alarm. Unless an effective military garrison could be maintained in the west, the whole of the Vicerian achievement was threatened with destruction by barbarian invasions.*

*Full information about the College Territorial Platoon can be obtained.....etc.



IN HONOUR OF A PERSON OF MANY EXCELLENT PARTS WHO
MAY WELL BE STYLED

THE BREAKER OF HEARTS.



DESCEND, O Muse, inspire my humble lays,
Teach me to sing the noble Elpston's praise,
Elpston the veteran in love's tender war,
Who counts the hearts he's captured by the score.
Now is he here, and in the town he's left
Sad are the eyes of his fair sight bereft :
They know indeed that beauty, wit, and grace
Seek for themselves another resting-place.
Here in his person all the virtues shine,
In one Apollo all the arts combine.
Here he is seen a hundred times or more
Gliding sedately o'er the polished floor.
We lesser mortals at safe distance stand,
Praising his bearing and his manner grand ;
Men at a fire have always this to fear,
That they will burn should they approach too near.
Sometimes he'll deign to join us in our talks,
Unbend to tell us of his evening walks ;
Speak of his pleasures, both in song and wine,
Also of woman, and his hostel fine.
Yet in his tone oft creeps a note of gloom,
Thick pall of darkness clouds the very room.
Gayness departs until the hour of one ;
Sadness returns when feeding-time is done.
Then Adonais ponders on his lot,
Wonders if fate has been unkind or not ;
Smiles at the future ; broods upon the past ;
Swears that this day is better than the last ;
Though his life's cup is joyous to the brim,
Murmurs despairing, "Life is pretty grim."
Gay or despondent on his way he goes,
Pours in our ears his ceaseless tale of woes,
And finds confessing every little grief
A wondrous healing and a sweet relief.
At times he'll murmur of unending pain,
And swear he'll never take to arms again :
But as he vows and hopes that he may die,
We see the ancient glimmer in his eye.
Cupid in haste lets fly a fiery dart ;
He sallies forth to siege another heart.
Behold him now lie striken on the plain,
Boasting his wounds, protesting he is slain :
Up he arises ; asks what he can do ;
How prove his feeling and his passion true.
Giants he'll fight ; slay any he may meet ;
Cut off their heads and lay them at her feet.
She, only she, is worthy of the prize ;
Stars, he declares, would fade beside her eyes.
Still he raves on, compares her to a rose,
Then journeys home to do a Latin prose.

GETTING A WIFE.



HIS day did see two lovers strolling arm in arm, which did set me thinking concerning the getting of a wife, and how like it is to tickling trout.

Now tickling trout is a mighty ticklish business, albeit they be not adverse to tickling (wherein is a play on words, but unintentional).

Choose a fine trout. She will be basking in the sun in the shallows near the edge of the stream. Lower the arm, never so gently, into the water, for which purpose one must lie down on the bank. When the hand be below her belly, then doth one commence to tickle her, and when she hath become lulled by the gentle sensation, then must one swiftly pinch her twixt the gills, and hook her neatly on to the bank.

But take warning; be not ham-handed. Once chose I a lovely trout and did think to have some sport. I do flatter myself that I were tickling her fair, but of a sudden, she took fright and did dart off to another spot. Whereupon another fellow did come and commence to angle. But again did she take fright, wherein I was much rejoiced, albeit such joy be unrighteous, and not befitting a Christian.

Yet another came, and it do look as if his tickling is like to be successful, which doth annoy me mightily, for ne'er saw I such a lusty trout (God bless her, and if she do twig what this be all about, God help me).



SIN AND SATIRE, or, THE DAILY ROUND AT U.C.S.



N these times of national crisis and personal hardship (*vide* any daily paper), it seems that we must make adequate use of all the old scraps we have been accustomed to throw away. So, for economy's sake, hair is being worn tousled, contributors write on both sides of the paper, and cigarettes are being smoked a quarter of an inch shorter.

When, therefore, one of the more hard-worked of the editorial staff, during a bright interval, came upon three mysterious manuscripts of doubtful calligraphy and still more questionable origin, he concluded, after perusal, that these crumbs from the "dainty dish of the sophistic banqueters" were not to be despised.

Anonymity has its blessings, but also its shortcomings; a poem like this puts one in two minds:—

To J. C. S.

I am not rich to send you costly furs or raiment wondrous fair;
I am not rich to send you soft fine silks or precious stones most rare;
And yet I am not poor;
For there is that which purer, richer, is, and I send this,
A kiss.

The more so when it is completely unaccompanied by any explanatory matter. Perhaps (who knows?) in publishing this, we may be helping on an unavowed passion, may be vicariously declaring the affection of some tongue-tied lover for his not impossible she.

With the other two discoveries we tread on surer ground. Who can mistake the evident signs of a bitter, envious satirist at work when we see this?

DANCING TUNES IN U.C.S.

"My 'Leven Pounds of Heavens"—Miss K. M. H-DD-CK.
"I Got Rhythm"—C. H-GH-S.
"Me Minus You"—W-LT-R.
"One Hour With You"—The R-F-CT-RV CLUB.
"I'm in the Palm of Your Hand"—D. W. M-RR-S.
"Sweet Sixteen and Never Been Kissed"—P. W. S. -NDR-WS.
"I Love Me"—B. F. G. H.
"After To-Night we say Good-bye"—R. D. W-BB.
"Isn't Love the Sweetest Thing"—F. W. K. BR-MBY and V. W-L-S.
"Shadows on the Window"—H-GHF-LD HALL.

Does not a cankered mind show its workings in every false allusion and twisted application? But enough. We will turn to the third manuscript, whose author was evidently on his way to an advertisement agent.

ADVTS.

MAN offers his services as a MONGOOSE to any of the Staff in exchange for inter.—
PIP.

WANTED, a trumpeter.—Reply to J. F. L. R-B-RT-N.

WANTED, a FEMALE, possessing the following qualities:—Culture, beauty, intellect, wit, political influence and money. Must be a lady. Scion of royal descent will sacrifice himself on matrimonial altar.—Apply CHATEAUBRIAND.

MAY we dissolve your house committee?—Apply Box I.ZAL, New Hall.

WANTED, Coaching in Engineering.—Reply in best handwriting to Mr. C. C. CR-WS.

REFECTORY privilege tickets may be obtained from Mr. C-MB-R.

We turned away disillusioned from these manuscripts. How can Y.M.C.A.'s and P.S.A.'s do their good work while this spirit is abroad?

"THE MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF."

HE Stage Society's presentation of "The Man with a Load of Mischief" (on November 24th, 25th and 26th) was in the nature of an experiment, in so far as period plays have not been usual in the past. The costumes, however, were a distinct help in adding colour and life to the interpretation of the play. The author seemed throughout to have put the players in two minds as to the real characters to be portrayed. From this naturally arose one or two weaknesses such as somewhat jerky alternations in the acting.

The play did not open too well, though the actors did their best with a long period of unrelieved narrative before the arrival at the Inn of the principal characters, the nobleman and lady, and their servants. The second act went with a much better swing, and the acting became more meaningful and at the same time more restrained. The moonlight scene between the nobleman's man and the lady was a piece of admirably-controlled acting, and showed a very sure touch on the part of the players, for it might easily have degenerated into mere sentimentality. In the third act these two seemed to relax too much, and some of the emotional parts escaped them. The final elopement of the man and lady was well acted, and brought the play to a well-rounded end.

Among the individuals, perhaps the most successful was the part of the nobleman's man, taken by J. W. Stone. He filled his part admirably, and his acting was well controlled, though his delivery was occasionally monotonous. R. E. Comber, playing the nobleman's part, seemed to have slightly misinterpreted the role. He was a trifle too youthful and vigorous for a part which essentially demands wit, polish and a touch of satire. Intermittent fire and fury took the place of an urbanity which should yield to anger at the end of the play.

The lady (Miss E. M. Gray) was very gracious and had the manner for the part. She spoke the unemotional passages well, but rather rushed the emotional passages and was a little casual in the last act. Her monologues were good and her acting with Stone in the moonlight scene was the best in the play.

F. R. Saunders as the innkeeper did an obvious part well. He brightened up both the start and the finish of the play. Miss G. E. L. Andrew, as his wife, dealt zealously with a part which was poor in its overwhelming proportion of expository narrative in the first act. This rather led to overacting the part. Miss A. Christansen was admirably coy as the maid.

On the whole the play was very creditably performed and distinctly well produced. The electricians excelled themselves, and their lighting arrangements could not have been bettered. The scenery, too, was especially good, and the arrangement reflects great credit on the producer and stage manager.



AN OPEN LETTER TO THE STAFF OF U.C.S.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

FIt not high time that you checked your present rapid course and paused to review your position? Consider what you were, say, three or four years ago, and then consider what you are to-day. Look at the students then and look at them now. And weep, ladies and gentlemen, weep. Do not mistake us. It pains us greatly to disturb your even progress and to bid your tears to flow. What sunny times you have together! How you enjoy your coffee and cultured conversation! How well your little off-shoots flourish—the Chamber Music Club and the English Association, for example. One even hears of new developments—a of a Junior Staff organisation.

It is all so beautiful, so smooth, so polished, so *nice*, that we hate to lift our unworthy voice. How hard it is, after gazing long and rapturously on so delicate and satisfying a thing, to come to the acutely painful first conclusion that something is wrong somewhere; and to the agonizing second decision that, since you appear not to have realised it, we, your inferiors, your coarse, red-handed, big-booted, ridiculous students must bring that fact home to you! For you are not getting us very far, are you?

Apart from that long-looked-for annual occasion when you edify us with the spectacle of Professors of Modern Languages showing us how cleverly they can philosophize, of Professors of English showing how much they know about poets whose works must be very difficult to secure, and of lectures showing how prettily they can translate—apart, we say, from this joyful time, does it ever occur to you that there is an almost indecently large number of students, past and present, who constitute the trunk and limbs of that body of which you are the lungs, but not the heart nor the head—namely, of University College, Southampton, some day to be the University of Wessex? Does not your conscience prick you at times, as you go steadily on welding yourselves into a superior clique, solid, self-sufficient, detached, corporately introspective, snobbish, snug?

Mind, we do not say that we are all that could be desired as students. We admit that you see our faults pretty clearly—they are obvious enough. What, unfortunately, we cannot admit is that you have done anything about it, or rather that what you have done is to pursue an entirely mistaken course. Instead of coming amongst us and doing your best to understand us, you have, with the eternal and blessed exceptions, drawn apart into a common-room and a blue-curtained private refectory where you think sadly of us and take solace in your own righteousness. Again, do not misinterpret our need. We do not want interference. The ladies and gentlemen of our own number (a majority, we venture to say) are trying hard to eradicate our purely social faults. By the way, while we are on that subject, may we point out that it is very rude to break in upon a conversation without any apology, even when one party to that conversation is a student and the other a member of Staff? There is a saying of Mark Twain's—awkward in two senses—namely, “Treat every man as a gentleman—not because he is one but because you are.” You might think about that too.

Some of you will be indignant at this letter—at least we hope so. Some of you will say that the gulf between us is largely dug by the students. Still, in the light of the above saying, we hardly think that this is a good excuse. The point is that you must respect us if you want us to respect you. It may come as a shock to some of you to be told that you are no better than us.

Perhaps we may give you a little advice—or would you laugh? At any rate we can but try. First of all do something about your Common Room. If you were teachers in a school, or officers in an army, there would be some excuse for you—then you would have to preserve discipline. As it is, the Students' Council preserves it as far as we are concerned. Would say, the admission of graduates to your common room be too much to ask of you or to expect of the said graduates, do you think? At least it might do something to destroy that invisible barrier before your door which at present prevents a student even from knocking at it.

Secondly, for heaven's sake, cultivate a sense of humour. Your conduct at English Association meetings and on other occasions when students are vouchsafed a glimpse of several of you at one time is dreadfully dull, you know. In fact one can only bear it by realising how funny you are—unconsciously. The sight of one of your number turning on soulfulness as he would turn on water from a tap drives us to laugh secretly to prevent ourselves from being violently sick. The vision of a lady member of the Staff staring amazedly at the bare legs of a woman student and walking away in painfully intense disgust would be irritating if it were not so exquisitely funny.

Perhaps if you laugh at yourselves a little more often you will know what to do when, in future, a table lamp persists in going out at critical moments or bread and butter adheres to your waistcoats.

Yours sincerely,

LICET.



B. F. G. H-RR-S.

You'll love me yet!—and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing.—BROWNING.

THE BOATHOUSE.

Oh! dark asylum of a vandal race!—BYRON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR,



HEN I first came to this College I was under the impression that co-education was the dominant note. This impression was heightened when in the course of time I saw a large number of female figures in and about the College. To the outside observer it might seem that this was a co-educational College. But I respectfully submit that if anything, it is exactly the reverse. There seems a rigid, though invisible, line of demarcation in the various class-rooms between the preserves of the two sexes. In the library, the sexes sit at opposite ends and spend vacant moments gazing incuriously at the other end of the room. Even in the hall during the lunch-hour, when one might expect to find a mingling of the sexes—if one is to find it anywhere—they herd together on opposite sides, and the first male to choose a partner will sometimes receive an ironical cheer.

What is the cause of this failure of co-education?—for almost the only sense in which co-education exists here is that men and women attend lectures in the same class-rooms. Is it scorn on the part of one sex for the other? Is it mistrust? Or is it simply an unwillingness to break with what are apparently the unwritten social laws of U.C.S., the fear of making oneself too conspicuous? Men will innovate, if they know that nothing but credit will come to them, but we are still insufficiently masters of ourselves to do what may possibly bring upon us ridicule, that most effective deterrent of social innovators.

I, coming straight from school, was surprised at the state I found. Men coming from other colleges and universities express amazement when they go to lectures or into the Hall. Meanwhile, things continue as they have done all these years, and there is little sign of change.

Is it not time that a College aspiring to the status of a university progressed a little beyond this parochial conception of co-education?

Yours, etc.,
J. BUNYAN.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

SIR,

It was with some feeling of misgiving that I heard of the proposal to form a Badminton Club: it is with feelings of undiluted disgust and repulsion that I learn that the proposal has been carried into effect. Why supposedly intellectual people should wish to indulge in the childish game of "shuttlecock" absolutely confounds me.

Glorified "shuttlecock," sir, nothing more.

Paint lines on the floor, hang a net somewhere near the roof, call it Badminton, and you may play "shuttlecock" till the cows come home.

And, sir, I would draw your attention to the fact that the court has been laid—I believe that is the technical expression—in our beautiful Assembly Hall, where it is almost obliterated by the continual shuffle of people dancing to the music provided by a few of the more enlightened members of our community.

Laid down and wiped out. Crass idiocy.

Sir, I take leave to state that this will lead to nothing less than internal strife.

From time immemorial (almost) the students of this seat of learning have been privileged to indulge in a little harmless social contact in our noble Hall, for a few minutes every day, as a relaxation from the strain of sitting, for hours on end, listening to the babblings of the learned. At the request of a minority a Badminton Court has been laid. The dancers wipe out the court.

So I foresee the time when dancing will be forbidden on the advice of the groundsman, or whoever he is, who reports that the court is suffering damage. Why not carry this idiotic movement to its logical conclusion and form clubs for the promotion of such pastimes as ludo, hoops, tops, hopscotch and cigarette-cards?

Indeed we might even dig a pit in the centre of the lawn—although this would inconvenience a large number of people, especially in the summer months—and indulge in a little harmless practice at marbles.

Badminton ! Pah !!

I remain, sir, yours sincerely,

" GLOUFORT."

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR,

Luck, they say, plays no part in our lives. Yet I have recently come across an instance which surely refutes this contention. A well-known member of one of the older halls, with the fascination of Valentino or Solomon, has his time taken up by no less than seventeen interested (if not interesting) Southampton women. One day his lady friend from home arrived in Southampton and—found him with male companions !

Now, sir, I ask, is this not luck ? Had he been found in female company the course of his life might have been changed. As it is—

I am, yours sincerely,

F. J. S.



POETS, PLEASE NOTICE.

A prize of 2 guineas is being offered by the Students' Union for a suitable College Song to take the place of the old one, recently abolished.

Entries should be sent to the Secretary of the Students' Council by January 21st, 1933.



SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.



HIS term is, I believe, unique in the history of Stoneham because, for the first time since it was opened as a hostel, someone other than Professor Cock has been allowed to guard and to guide its residents. We must, therefore, congratulate Mr. Anderson upon this distinction falling to him.

Mr. Cawthorne is spending just one term with us as Vice-Warden. It is really very sad that in the same *West Saxon* we should have both to welcome him to Stoneham and also to bemoan his coming departure. Our very best wishes go with him to India. We must also report that Mr. Pringle has recently joined the Senior Common Room in Stoneham, and that Miss Bickley has come as Assistant Matron. We welcome them both.

Judging from the news which is reaching us from New York, our Warden is leading a gay life. I wish to correct, however, a rumour that he has been playing football for Columbia University, for so far his keenness has made him an enthusiastic spectator only.

In conclusion, may I express publicly our gratitude to Dr. Montefiore for his magnificent gift of £1,000, which is already enabling Stoneham to compare more favourably as an up-to-date hostel with its very modern neighbour.

R. E. B.

NEW HALL.

By a curious concatenation of circumstances the only time a Hall has had anything remarkable to report, there is a complete lack of men officially empowered to do so.

We have been recently preoccupied with domestic politics, both culinary and constitutional. From a few vague and indistinct rumblings emanating from the normal malcontents there arose a positive torrent of demand for reform of anything and everything. The House Committee resigned *en masse*, the Constitution was suspended, a benevolent Dictatorship established, and everything went on as usual. This is not written from any desire to do public laundering, as the whole "war" was carried on amid the most amicable relations. The front is at present all quiet.

We have been graciously permitted by the now omnipotent Dictator humbly to continue our entertainment in order to fulfil our social obligations.

The embryonic Library is assuming adult proportions, all unaware of bloodless revolutions.

Our only reason for remaining in residence is to see what is going to happen next.

BY PERMISSION OF THE DICTATOR.

RUSSELL HALL.

Our numbers this session have been increased by nearly forty, the total number of men in the Hall being nearly one hundred. With such a number it is small wonder that organisation has become more complicated. This term has seen a general increase of activity in the Hall, which augurs well for the future. It is with much pleasure that we learn we are at last to possess a home in College, where it is hoped we shall be able to get together more than hitherto.

This term we were entertained by Highfield Hall, and we thank them for a very enjoyable evening. On the 12th of November we entertained Montefiore Hall and Highfield Juniors.

We were very gratified to hear recently that our Chairman, Mr. W. Taplin, has been awarded the Southampton Exhibition to Queen's College, Oxford. We congratulate him and wish him every success at Oxford.

Next term are further entertainments which it is hoped will be well supported.

R. T. K.

MONTEFIORE HALL.

This year we feel that a new era is opening out before us. At the end of last session we had to say good-bye to Miss Miller, who has been our Warden for several years, and to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude. We do sincerely thank her for all she has done for us and wish her every happiness in her new position at Highfield. On the other hand, however, we wish to give a great welcome to our new Warden, Miss Loader. She has already done much to help us in our Hall activities, and we look forward to a very successful time under her leadership.

Thus with a new Warden it is natural that our thoughts should turn to new ideas and plans. Our numbers now come to just over sixty, which is quite a substantial increase on the membership of last year, and we are glad to say that practically all our members take a keen interest in our Hall activities. So far, besides our own Freshers' Tea—a most successful function held on the first Friday of the term—we have only entertained New Hall Seniors. On that occasion we all spent a most enjoyable evening, and hope that they did the same.

On November 12th we were entertained by Russell Hall in a most enjoyable manner, enhanced by several original touches. The method of decorating the walls was one—and there were others. We hope to return the compliment by entertaining Russell before the end of this term. In the meantime we are looking forward to visiting New Hall and South Stoneham, and, as regards our internal affairs, are hoping for a very successful and pleasant year.

N. M. M.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

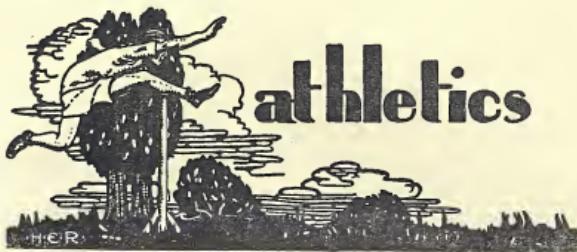
These Hall Notes give a good opportunity of saying how pleased Highfield was to welcome its new Warden and Vice-Warden, with both of whom it was already familiar. Miss Carpenter belonged to the Hall before even her Wardenship began, and Miss Miller was equally well known to us through her activities at College.

The first two years of the Hall's existence in its rejuvenated state will always be connected with the name of P. K., and our good wishes go with her in her retirement: we hope she will visit us often.

As for Hall activities—we took advantage of a tempting date, 5th Nov., and entertained the seniors of South Stoneham House and the members of Russell Hall, creating a few appropriate little diversions by means of masks, skeletons and a guy.

Our juniors were well and gaily entertained by Russell Hall, and are due to go to New Hall on 3rd Dec. Otherwise things are peaceful, no bloodless revolutions having stirred the even tenour of our way.

C. B. G.



A.F.C.



ANY, many players and only one pitch. That is our chief difficulty this season. Three teams have turned out pretty regularly, but it is rather depressing to see "soccer" players standing on the touch-lines. Those who play are upholding our good name with success. Reading have been defeated once more, and our first team is unbeaten. The second eleven have only been defeated once and show commendable enthusiasm, whilst the third eleven hope for fixtures and when they get them generally manage to win by large margins. Next term we hope to report even better things.

"DICK."

R.F.C.

We started this season with a very promising 1st XV, but we have been so much blighted with injuries that for a long time now we have been unable to turn out the same team for two consecutive matches.

Probably our most disappointing game was our U.A.U match at Bristol, for after being 10-8 down at half-time we finished up with a rather heavy deficit. We are gradually getting our troops fit again, and we ought to be able to face Exeter on December 3rd fit and confident.

Our "A" XV has not had such an astounding record of wins as it has had in the past two seasons, but that is most certainly due to the fact that they are now facing stiffer opposition.

The "B" team has played one match this term, and it has several more games to play later on in the season. The membership of the club would certainly justify the existence of a regular "B" team, and it is a pity that it is so difficult to arrange fixtures for it. Results to date:—

							Points
		Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
1st XV	—	—	12	7	0	5	114 109
"A" XV	—	—	6	2	2	2	41 42
"B" XV	—	—	1	0	0	1	0 16

R. E. B.

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.

The Club has suffered a severe loss in Knibbs, and this has somewhat adversely affected the running this term. We seem to have passed through a period of depression, but are now, I trust, rising clear of this gloom. Harley is doing sterling work, and we extend a hearty welcome to another member from the same "stable" in Brown, who promises a good performance.

The interest, however, that freshmen have taken is very poor, and I think this is due to the fact that we all missed the pleasant exercise run which preceded each session. During this run, in the past, much talent has been found, and I would urge that anyone who has any pretensions to running ability, to come along and show us how to run. The match results so far are:—

Winchester Training College	Won	47—31
Reading and University of London	Lost	42—56—76
R.N. & R.M., Portsmouth	Lost	67—69
Portsmouth Athletic Club	Won	44—34

B. D. L.

BOAT CLUB.

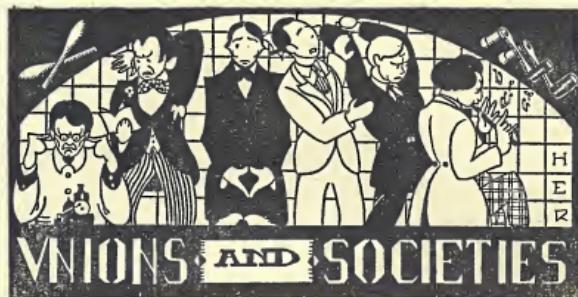
It is customary, in this term of persistent adverse climatic conditions, to restrict our activities largely to the rectification of the deteriorated physiological state of our members ensuing on the lassitude and desuetude of the trimensual vacation.

The only event of social importance has been the annual baptism of the 2nd VIII, in the watery wastes of the icy Itchen. This was an unqualified success, and be long remembered by all immersed.

The only contest of a collegiate character has been with E.I.C., and was crowned with a conquest culminating in the catastrophic crushing of the opposing contestants.

Nevertheless, our first statement notwithstanding, by unremitting and intensely arduous application there has been, even to the casual observer, a perceptibly noticeable improvement in individual achievement and in collective co-ordination, due preponderantly to the perspiring pertinacity of particularly pugnacious protagonists of this pleasant pastime.





BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ET the beginning of the new session the Biological Society looked forward with confidence to a large membership, and its hopes have been amply justified. The Society is now in its fifth year, and makes its appeal to many classes of students and also to outsiders, as is shewn by their very ardent support.

So far we have had three lectures this term. The first was by our new President, Miss E. G. Moody, B.Sc., who gave us a very interesting lecture on "Symbiosis in the Plant World." The rather novel way in which she treated her subject obviously elucidated many points which might otherwise have remained rather obscure. The second lecture was by Miss F. Rich, M.A., who gave us a profusely illustrated lecture on Volvox. The experiments made on this small organism have never been published, and we felt honoured to be the first society to hear them. The other lecture was by Professor F. E. Weiss, who is a well-known botanist, and gave us a lecture on "Graft-Hybrids." As the subject is very controversial it was natural that it should provoke much discussion. We have, however, another lecture this term, and four others next, which I hope will prove equally as interesting, and as they are not all quite so technical as these may have been, we hope for ardent support.

E. L. W.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

Although the Engineering Society is one of the oldest Societies in the College, this is the first time that it has had the opportunity of expressing itself in the *West Saxon*.

Our lectures and visits are frequently of general interest, and persons wishing to attend find no difficulty in obtaining invitations. During this term we have been honoured by a Presidential address by Mr. Ricardo on "High Speed Engines" as well as a lecture by Sir Malcolm Campbell on some of his experiences during his racing career. Later in the term Wing Commander Cave-Brown-Cave is giving a lecture on "The Uses of the Aeroplane other than for War and Regular Civil Transport."

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



Although our membership has decreased slightly from last year's total, the Society may be said to be flourishing. The topics of lectures secured this season vary from the technical to the travel and popular side; several authorities on different subjects are speaking. Interesting and important additions to our programme are two "Student Lectures" next term, *i.e.*, students of the College will be speaking on some topic with which they are well acquainted, in these cases, "Arizona" and "A tour in Europe." We hope to increase the number of such lectures in future programmes.

Under our auspices, from Nov. 30th to Dec. 3rd, there is a Geographical Exhibition being held in College. Exhibits will include the

will include the publications of Messrs. Phillips & Sons, and the maps produced in the Geography Department. Over a thousand invitations have been issued to the schools in the county, as well as to some in Wiltshire, Dorset and Sussex. By this means we hope that a large circle of people will become interested in the Society and also in the College as a whole. The Exhibition will be opened by the Headmaster of Lancing College, and a general meeting for criticism and discussion of the exhibits will be held on the Saturday, December 3rd. A programme for the four days is being posted on the Society's notice board.

It has been difficult so far this term to arrange any excursions because of the Exhibition, but this will be remedied in the near future.

H. L. C.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Although our President has been absent for the term, on the school-practice rest-cure, the Society has managed to get under weigh quite successfully. The Staff Debate, which is now a well-established annual tradition, inaugurated the session's work on Thursday, October 20th. The motion, "That Art in this mechanical age is moribund," although an almost undebatable subject, was proposed by Dr. Rutherford, supported by Mr. Leishman and Miss Phare, all of whom made excellent and gallant speeches. But the unrelenting logic of the opposition, led by Professor Patchett and supported by Mr. Hodgson and Mr. A. Tomlinson, carried the day, and defeated the motion by 113 votes to 23. Several excellent speeches were given from the floor. The Principal again honoured us by taking the chair.

This excellent start was followed up on Saturday, 19th October, by a most successful Freshers' Debate, at which a most gratifying quantity of new talent was discovered. The motion, "That Co-education is undesirable in Secondary Schools and Universities," was defeated by 46 votes to 17, a great number abstaining from voting. The Fresher talent gives promise of a very flourishing future for the Society.

Our third debate was held on Saturday, 19th November, and although the attendance was disappointing, the motion that "The world owes more to the fanatic than to the sober-minded man" was hotly discussed, and was carried by a majority of two votes.

Several more debates will follow this term. On December 5th we shall have the honour of debating against the Indian team. Our I.V.D. will take place on February

3rd, 1933. Mr. Harris went to Exeter on November 18th to represent the College at their I.V.D.

One of the most encouraging features of the debates to date has been the willingness shown by the women to speak, a thing lamentably lacking for some years past. We hope that the women will continue to cast off their maiden modesty and speak even more frequently, especially from the floor.

F. W. K. B.

STAGE SOCIETY.

Preparation for "The Man with a Load of Mischief" has occupied most of the attention of the Stage Society this term. The Society considers itself blessed in having Mr. Charlton back, fresh from the States, to undertake the arduous business of producing in about six weeks a play as difficult as this one of Ashley Duke's.

However, by the time these remarks are printed, the play will have already appeared for good or ill, so the rest shall be silence where we are concerned.

The Play Reading Club has bettered its reputation by two brilliant readings, one, "Dear Brutus" on 28th Oct., the other "Androcles and the Lion" on 18th Nov. As the auditories at the beginning of the term shewed, there is no lack of new talent in College, and the P.R.C. has been tapping it assiduously.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY AND CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB.

We have, unfortunately, started the year with a smaller membership rather than that larger one, which the concern about the present state of international affairs, to be expected in a large body of intelligent people, should produce. Unless public opinion is constantly on the alert and expressing itself for peace, we may see a revival of that international conflict which devastated the world when we were children and which has made things so difficult for us who seek a start in a world still disorganised by four years' upheaval and waste. Next time, however, there will be small opportunity for the world to make a recovery at all. The League is the sole international organisation which stands in the way of a revival of anarchy, but it depends on an active-expressed public opinion, if it is to do anything. To pay lip-service to Peace is not enough. Lovers of Peace in the College should join this Society, which provides an opportunity for them to study international conditions and which seeks to help create the necessary public support for the League. In the Economics Library is housed the Carnegie Library of Books on International Affairs—a magnificent collection which *all* members should use in order to extend their knowledge and lend strength to their views. Do, please, justify its existence.

This term we have well maintained the high standard of last year's speakers. Mr. Ford and Mr. Tyerman spoke on the need for the League at the initial meeting and gave us a capital beginning. Mr. Poole, of Headquarters, gave a magnificent talk on "The Far-East Dispute and the Great Powers." Mr. Robinson gave a stimulating address on the Disarmament Conference. To Mr. Lucas we are indebted for a talk on the problems of Modern Germany, which made clear what Germany suffers, what she feels and how she expresses that feeling. On November 24th we are to have Mr. Alec Wilson, the chief staff-speaker for the L.N.U., and look forward to a good time. We have started a study-group on India, at which Miss Miller gave a splendid introduction, making a geographer's contribution to the study of the Indian problems. It is up to the members of this College to make use to a greater extent of the facilities which we offer them in the form of speakers and library to really get to grips with present-day world problems. I hope that next time we shall have to record the desired increase of interest on the part of students generally.

P. W. S. A.

CHESS CLUB.

After having won the Robertson Cup last term, the Chess Club finds itself in a more satisfactory position than it has been in for years. Under its President (our first, by the way), Mr. L. Vine, the Club continues to make strides.

A notable feature this term is an appreciable levelling-up amongst the players. We have so many players of roughly the same standard that there seems to be little real difference between the first and second teams. Indeed, in a League match, the second team succeeded in defeating the "A" by 3½ to 2½.

Three teams are again being run in the Southampton Chess League; two of these teams are in the First Division, and the second team is faring very creditably.

A knock-out tournament is in progress among the juniors, and the Southampton Chess League is holding a lightning tournament on Nov. 30th, which should prove amusing and interesting.

As last year, there is play every lunch-hour in Room 22, and we would welcome all those who would like a game, whatever their standard of play.

C. A. S.

POLITICAL CLUB.

This term has seen the birth of a new club—the Political. From small beginnings and tentative suggestions it has by now, after only a term, made a definite place for itself. Its meetings are alternately debates and addresses on current politics, at which a surprising diversity of opinion has been shown. The Club, which has as President Mr. D. Tyerman, meets about six times a term, either on Saturday mornings or in mid-week lunch-hours. The initial debate on the domestic policy of the present Government, well attended and keenly carried through, ended in the passing by 20 votes to 15 of a motion of no confidence in the present administration. The second meeting, in a lunch-hour, was an address by Mr. Cameron on "The Left Wing in Politics." This aroused much interest, and sharp verbal tussles protracted the meeting to near three o'clock! What other society can boast of this? The third meeting was a debate on the foreign policy of the Government, and the fourth a talk by Mr. Ritz on current French politics.

We would urge all men, and more especially, all women interested in current affairs, to support the Club. It must necessarily be of great help in an intelligent understanding of the state of affairs to-day, and only those who stop their ears to the world outside College will ignore it.

THE ARCHITECTURE SOCIETY.

We were very fortunate this term in having Mr. O. G. S. Crawford, who gave us a most inspiring talk on Stonehenge.

The next week Mr. Livingstone gave us a brief survey of the churches of Owslebury, Morestead and Chilcomb and the surrounding countryside.

This was followed by a delightful talk on the Hanseatic Towns by Mrs. Lucas. Since then Miss Trout has spoken on the Churches of Rome, and Mr. Seaton has given us a comprehensive history of Portsmouth Churches.

The aim of this Society is to give anyone who is interested in architecture some more specific knowledge. I would like to point out that we are all amateurs, hence no one need be afraid that the proceedings would be unintelligible to him. Much building has already depreciated the aesthetic value of the English countryside, and I would urge that only through education in the rightness of beautiful building can such a state of public opinion be built up that such exhibition of such taste can be avoided.

TOC H.

SOUTH STONEHAM GROUP.

The College group of Toc H, the "baby" group of the district, promises to make itself felt this session. Our numbers have greatly increased and much valuable work is being done.

The unwary strollers are warned off the Avenue on every sunny afternoon, for our men "air" the patients of the Home of Recovery. Their appearance reminds one of the charioteers of ancient Rome in combat with each other (B. holds the speed record). Winchester prisoners are weekly cheered up by our care-free faces, and the habitues of various clubs are forced to grin and bear us.

We have been much honoured and delighted with the presence of Lt.-Col. Grant, of Headquarters, and Dr. Gillespie, of the Royal South Hants Hospital, at one of our "guest night" meetings.

The spiritual, moral and physical guidance of Padre Rham has been much appreciated. We all endeavour by service to pay our rent for our room on earth.

D. W. M.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

The beginning of this session has been a very busy one for the S.C.M. We were very pleased to welcome a crowd of freshers at our Social, many of whom have since become members. The presence of Archie Hardie, one of our travelling secretaries, added to the success of this event.

Since then we have had two general meetings, which were very well attended. At the first, Sally Coey spoke on "Our Missionary Obligations," and at the second Mr. Gareth Maufe, of the International Student Service, told us some of his impressions of the Communist regime in Russia.

Our efforts at stabilising our income by means of an envelope scheme have met with a ready response. We should like to take the opportunity of thanking those who have already joined.

We have focussed our interest this term, both in study circles and prayer meetings, on the coming Quadrennial Conference to be held in Edinburgh from Jan. 3rd—9th. This will be a meeting of about 2,000 students, at least 500 of whom will come from overseas. We have been granted seven places, and we hope to be able to raise the necessary funds to send a full delegation.

K. M. H.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

We held our Freshers' Squash on October 6th, when nearly a hundred men and women gathered to hear Mr. T. B. L. Bryan, who spoke in the absence of Bishop Taylor Smith, giving a straight talk on the claims of Christ, which was much appreciated.

We have had a lunch-hour prayer meeting each day, and on Fridays a Bible reading at five o'clock (in Room 11); this term we have been studying Philippians under the leadership of Mr. K. Morris, a former student of U.C.S. At Highfield, the Sunday missionary prayer meeting and the Wednesday South American Study Circle have been in full swing, considerable interest having been shown in the letters received from native students and a missionary in North Brazil.

At all our meetings we have some jolly good times, and shall be very glad to share them with any who may care to come.

ROVER CREW—9th SOUTHAMPTON.

The beginning of a new session finds us reminiscing over the loss of some of our older members and at the same time rejoicing over an influx of newcomers, and no one can say that we are not as strong as ever—our numbers are 21, and the general standard of keenness is high.

At the beginning of the term we were honoured by a visit from our old S.R.M., Dick Brading. Seizing upon such an opportunity, we killed two birds with the stone, for we arranged a tea at which six freshers were present and nearly 100 per cent. of the rest of us. When we had all eaten exceedingly well, our new S.R.M.,—Hardwick, presented Brading with the Swastika, the Scouts' thanks badge, given in this case for the great work he has done in forming a real live crew in U.C.S.

We have, too, reason to congratulate another of our number on passing the Scouters' Wood Badge Test. Bravo! Vine, and may your example be followed by the other five who are taking it this year.

The good work is being continued at Dockland, and this term we have started another venture in French conversation classes with some of the members of the boys' club. We hope these will prove successful. In spite of the absence of our Rover Leader, we are glad to say it has been possible to arrange for a few boys to continue coming to breakfast every Sunday. Hostel members, please note, they walk four miles for it—it must be pretty good.

Our weekly lunch-hour meetings on Tuesdays in Hut C are well attended, and this term we have been studying Dr. Griffin's book, "Always a Scout." We are also polishing up our first aid.

We had hoped that Mr. Ernest Young, the Headquarters' Commissioner for Education, would be able to come and speak to us this term, but owing to illness he is unable to do so. However, if it is at all possible, he hopes to come in February. The meeting will be public and chiefly for the benefit of those who are not already connected with the movement. Please do come along and accept this as our invitation; and one more word, please don't just dismiss the idea. Do you really know what Scouting means? If not, why not? Make it a point in your education. Full particulars will be posted next term, and we hope these will appear on our new notice board, the provision of which the S.C. are now considering.

In conclusion, may we say that if there is anybody interested in Rovering or Scouting, please do come along to the next Tuesday meeting at 1.20 in Hut C. Training, service and brotherhood are all to be found in our crew.

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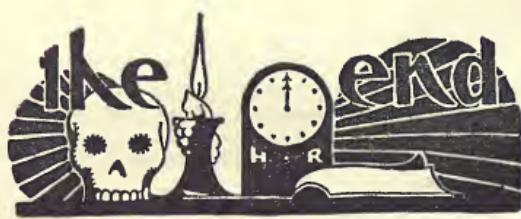
We are trying hard this year to live up to our Great Aim—that Guiding is an outdoor movement. Our first effort in this direction was a hike at the beginning of the term to welcome our many new members. Eighteen of us spent a very enjoyable time triumphing over damp wood and cooking an admirable meal. Various members have been for hikes since then, and in the near future we propose to hold a dispatch run for our three patrols.

Besides these outdoor activities, two of us are acting as lieutenants in the town, thereby gaining valuable experience. Talking of the town, we are planning to invite a poor Company at the end of the term to a social as our Good Turn for the Christmas season. Further excitement has been afforded by the guard of honour to the Mayoral procession, which six of us attended, but *the* event of the term has been the guard of honour to the Duke and Duchess of York, which we attended *en masse*, the Principal having generously granted permission for us to absent ourselves from morning lectures. Our list of activities would not be complete without mention of our Hallowe'en party, to which we invited our District Commissioner and District Captain and students who belong to town companies. We spent an extremely hilarious evening, and are already looking forward to a similar celebration next year.

During the last month we have acquired two more new members, who are shortly to be enrolled; we hope that this is a good omen for the future.

E. M. M.





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